

Sketch

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Article 4

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Abstract

The cheerless poplar caught a breeze And turned its shiny side To the sun...

ful experiment, I would have to moderate the two extremes. I settled on an alteration of wet and dry, hot and cold. Things didn't improve much. I still got funny images of myself. Something must have been wrong. Sure enough, there was. All I had to do was to instill the images that I made, so that in the end they would be perfect representations of myself. This worked fine when the hairy, two legged one separated in two, making the second one with smooth skin. I danced with joy, for I was close to my goal of twins. Everything was working right. The twins acted alike and thought alike. The only difference was the hair on their bodies. I was really proud. But soon my joy changed to sadness. The smooth skinned one changed. He didn't cooperate any more. He started doing funny things. He took things. He said no when he should have said yes. I just don't know what happened, Doc, but I wish I could make the clean skinned ones understand me. They used to listen and everything was all right, but now they ignore me and things are a mess. You know, I gave them the best part of my garden and still they didn't listen. I thought when I told them to leave the garden that they would realize what they were doing to me, but they didn't. Not too long ago one of them told the others all about me and still they ignore me. Oh, some of them know me, but there are too many of the others who think they know me. They don't, Doc. They don't. They only hear their own voices. Oh, they know what I've said. I closed the door on all of them. It was the only way in which I could begin again with a fresh start. I don't like starting over again. I wish they would only try to do the first part of my experiment better. Maybe I should wipe all the years away and start a whole new experiment as I did five billion years ago. What do you think of that, Doc?

Senryu

by Dave Thomas

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And turned its shiny side
To the sun.